The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, AUGUST 30, 1873. NO. 18.

Choice of Trades.

A RECITATION FOR LITTIE BOYS.

This recitation should be accompanied with appropriate action. Thus, the farmer should make the motions for sowing, reaping, plowing, binding, and pitching away; the carpenter for plaining, hammering and sawing; the mason for brick laying and smoothing; the smith for blows on the anvil, and the shoemaker for sewing shoes, etc.

FIRST BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a farmer if I can—*and I can!*
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it up, on the mow away!
When I'm a man!

SECOND BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll plain like *this*, and I'll hammar, *so!*
And *this* is the way my saw shall go,
I'll make bird houses, and sleds, and boats;
And ships that shall race every craft that floats!
When I'm a man!

THIRD BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
A blacksmith I'll be, if I can—*and I can!*
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring;
And *this* is the way the blows I'll swing.
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight;
Then I'll trot round the square to see if its right
When I'm a man!

FOURTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
A mason I'll be if I can—*and I can!*
I'll lay a brick this way, and lay one *that;*
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat;
Great chimneys I'll make; I think I'll be able
To build one as high as the tower of Babel!
When I'm a man!

FIFTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll sit on a bench, with my last *held so;*
And in and out shall my needles go
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,
Till nothing is left but my stitches there!
When I'm a man,

SIXTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
A printer I'll be, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll make pretty books, and perhaps I shall
Print the stories of the *Little Corporal!*
I'll have the first reading; ah! won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done?
When I'm a man!

SEVENTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
A doctor I'll be, if I can—*and I can!*
My powders and pill shall be nice and sweet;
And you shall have just what you like, to eat!
I'll prescribe for you, riding, and sailing and such;
And, 'bove all things, you never must study too much!
When I'm a man!

EIGHTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a minister, if I can—*and I can!*
And, once in a while, a sermon I'll make,
That can keep the boys and girls awake.
For, ah! dear me! if the ministers knew,
How glad we are when they do get through!
When I'm a man!

NINTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
A teacher I'll be, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll sing to my scholars, fine stories I'll tell;
I'll show them pictures, and, well—ah! well,
They should have some lessons—I s'pose they ought;
But oh! I shall make them so very short!
When I'm a man!

TENTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a school committee if I can—*and I can!*
'Bout once a week I'll come into school,
And say, "Miss Teacher, I've made a rule,
That boys and girls need a great deal of play;
You may give these children a holiday!"
When I'm a man!

ELEVENTH BOY.

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a President, if I can—*and I can!*
My uncles and aunts are a lively set;
And I'll have them all in my cabinet!
I shall live in the White House; and I hope you all,
When you hear I'm elected, will give me a call!
When I'm a man!

[*All in concert, or if they cannot be trained to speak it in concert, so as to make every word understood, let the best speaker step forward and repeat alone, in a distinct voice.*]

When we are men, are men,
I hope we shall do great things, and then,
Whatever we do, this thing we say,
We'll do our work in the very best way,
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be good, and honest, and useful men
When we are men.

For the Myrtle.

The Price of a Velocipede.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT-DE WITT.

PART I.

"WHO invented velocipedes?" asked Madame de Luzon, one morning at breaktast, with a resigned air that made her husband laugh.

"I'm sure I don't know," said he, "it is some old invention, revived for the amusement of children—and the torment of parents,—is that it, Caroline?"

She laughed too, noticing that her eldest boy colored, and looked confused. "I do regret this progress of civilization sometimes;" she said. "I must confess my maternal vanity was a good deal wounded the other day when I met Adrian trying his two footed horse in a cross-alley of the champs-elyses, where only foot-passengers are allowed. If a policeman had passed, I fear he would have arrested my son. Besides, if I remember rightly, my young equestrian did not sit on very well!"

"That was because I had borrowed my velocipede, mamma," said the boy, "and I was afraid of breaking it. If I had one of my own now, you should see how I would go. You could dismiss Samuel, Mamma, and I would do errands for you."

"Could a velocipede set the table and answer the bell?" began his mamma with a comical look, but her father, Mr. Clarigny, who was present, interrupted her gaily.

"You are too severe," he said, "do not tease this poor boy, I am going to make a bargain with him. Listen, Adrian!" The school-boy turned to his grandfather, and pricked up his ears. Bargains with Mr. Clarigny were always profitable. "We are now in February: if you work so well that you are allowed to go up to the grand examination in all the departments, I will give you a velocipede, when vacation begins."

"Must I get a medal?" Adrian asked soberly, as if he was only anxious to understand the terms of the bargain. His grandfather smiled.

"No, that does not depend so entirely upon yourself—who knows, a teacher might be unfair?"

"There is no partiality at the grand examination," said Adrian, "the teachers correct without knowing their names, but I am glad not to be obliged to take a medal; it is enough to be sent up to the examination,—in all the departments, did you say grandfather? Latin theme, Greek translation latin translation and history? That is all, I think, they do not require a Greek theme. Agreed! I shall get my velocipede."

Adrian's little Sister listened with open mouth, petrified with astonishment and admiration. "That is what happens from being a boy!" said Aline, when they had gone up stairs to learn their English lesson. "No one would dream of proposing such a bargain to us!"

"But there isn't any grand examination for girls," Laurette said timidly. She was much more submissive than her sister. "There are girls who go to school where they have examinations, maintained Aline, "I heard Jenny Delane say the other day, 'I shall get a prize, because I am always first,'—you see there are girls who can have places and prizes." "But you must go to school out of the house, and everybody comes to hear you recite; I should not like that. I think it is much pleasanter to recite to mamma, and have her write 'Very good,' at the foot of my exercise! But we shall get, 'very poor,' if we sit and waste our time talking!" and the sisters went, headforemost, into their Dictionary.

"You have made a rash promise, father," said M. de Lazon, who was preparing to go out. "Adrian is wild about it, he will hold you to your bargain."

"I shall be delighted to keep my word," answered the good grandfather. "I shall commence at once to lay aside some money towards it."

"And as for me, I am going to my publishers," said M. de Luzon, as he went out, his wife sighed, and drew near the window to see him go by in the street; he had a tired air, but he walked rapidly, like one with important business in hand. She shut the window; it was time to hear Adrian recite some verses.

"They do not examine us in declamation," he said, with a business like air, "still I think it is better to stand well in all the branches, don't you think so, mamma?"

"Certainly," she replied gravely, though she was scarcely able to restrain a laugh. But she had promised to treat the recent-concluded bargain with all due respect, and for the next two hours she listened to French poetry, and latin prose, and Greek verses, with a patience that only mothers possess. One day Madame de Luzon was ill, and Adrian had tried reciting to his grandfather; the lesson had finished with a sudden fling of the book across the room, and the astonished school-boy went off, saying to himself, "I had no idea grandfather was so nervous!"

Adrian worked bravely; his mother observed it with surprise and gratification; she had not appreciated the eagerness of his desire for the promised reward, nor the pride he felt, in making his word good. Every holiday he went to the Bois de Boulonge to refresh himself by admiring the brave cavaliers, mounted as he hoped soon to be, but of the real horses he made no account whatever. "The stupid creatures that have to be fed!" he said with a great scorn. "My horse will not need to eat."

One difficulty occurred to him. "We have no stable," he said to his grandfather, who was the confident of all his plans in regard to the much desired velocipede, "where shall we keep the creature at night?"

"What creature?" inquired M. Clarigny, in surprise. "My velocipede. I cannot bring it up into the third story every day, that would be too much trouble." The grandfather smiled.

"I will ask M. Parseval to spare us a little corner of his carriage-house," he said; "my old friend will do that willingly to oblige me."

"Then his coachman can take care of my horse," said Adrian. "Have you decided, grandfather, where to buy it?"

"At Michaux's I think; is not that the best place? I hear people say so everywhere. Adrian stood still and grew red with excitement.

"At Michaux's?" he said. "Those are certainly the handsomest and the best, but," he added shyly, "they are the most expensive, too."

"I know it," replied M. Clarigny, "I went to see them before buying an overcoat, to ascertain how much money I must lay aside." The boy pressed his grandfather's hand affectionately.

"And how much will they cost?" he asked.

"For three hundred francs we can have a superb velocipede, mounted with polished metal, and painted in whatever color you choose."

"Oh grandfather, you are so good! I will have it painted blue and black. I have more marks in every class than Bernard has, and I am sure of everything except my latin theme. I must go over my grammar again," and every moment of leisure found Adrian tete-a-tete with his grammar, going over the complicated rules of syntax.

"You never play with us now," Aline complained," since you are thinking of this velocipede, you are busy all the time."

"I tell you I'm hard at work," said the boy, "it's no joke!"

"I believe you!" cried Lauretta sympathizingly. "I think it was a little severe in grandpa!"

"Yes, yes! but it's a velocipede from Michaux's! Let me be quiet now, and when I get it, then we will amuse ourselves!"

"Can we ride on it too?" asked Lauretta.

"You! no, indeed, you'd fall off!" cried her sister.

"I shall ride, and you will look at me," said Adrian pompously. Aline murmured that she did not think that would amuse her very much, but Laurette, quite contented, said "Oh that will be splendid!" *M. M. R.*

Flying for Refuge.

There was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird, that I may devour it." Now will that gentle, kind hearted man take the poor little creature that put his trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never! never!

For the Myrtle.

"Only ask for Me."

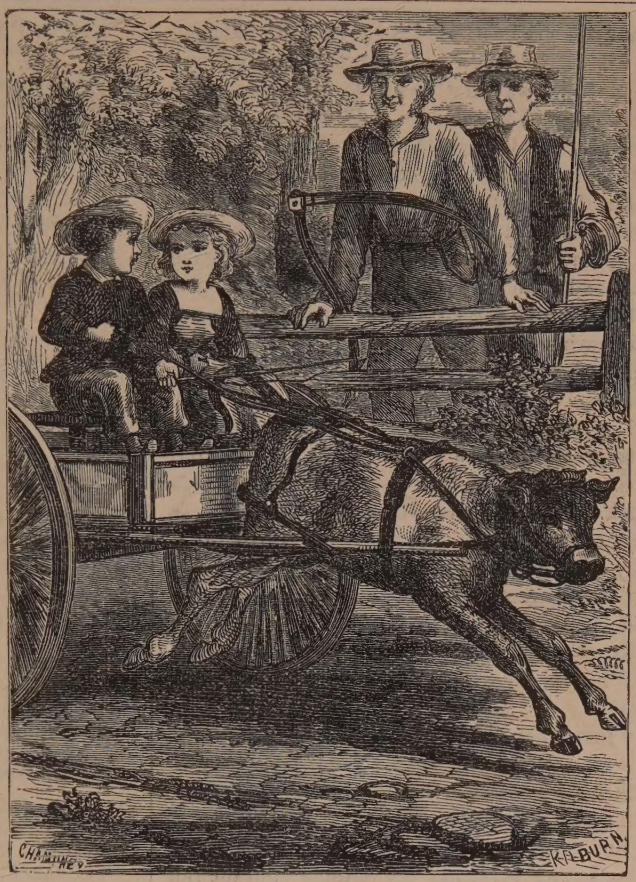
PALE and dying on his couch
When little Jamie lay,
Looking in his mother's face,
I heard him sweetly say.

"Mother I shall die to-night,
But do not cry for me,
You will find me up in heaven,
Only ask for me?"

C. M. S.

For the Myrtle.

Driving Bossie.



"Now you sit still, Susie. Keep close to me so that you needn't fall out. Bossie's getting up steam. Ain't we having a nice time though?"

"I guess we are! Bossie goes as fast as papa's horse. Don't he, George? I wonder what papa would say if he heard that Jack let us drive Bossie. But ain't you afraid to let him go so fast?"

"Afraid? what should I be afraid of? Ain't I a big boy? I know how to drive! Get up Bossie!"

George was feeling very grand over his prowess as a driver. He touched Bossie with his whip and shouted at the top of his voice, and the calf altogether unused to the harness, and not knowing what to make of the shouts behind grew greatly excited and started off on a great gallop, making the wheels fly round like lightning. Down the lane he dashed, now on this side now on that, brushing against the hazel bushes and almost upsetting against a little birch tree; but really seeming to enjoy the sport. At least George and Susie thought he did and they were getting mad with the frolic.

As they went by the hayfield, Jack and William ran to the fence and leaning their scythe and rake against the top rail looked on half-frightened at the speed with which the calf was going, but amused notwithstanding. Jack thought he would do his duty and give George a little caution. It was very much as if he had thrown them into the river and told them not to drown.

"Take care that you don't upset," he bawled, "Bossie's feeling pretty lively!"

"I shan't upset; I ain't afraid!" answered George, "I know how to drive!

"Well be careful! and, see here George! I wouldn't use my whip if I was you!"

George drove on faster than ever.

"And take care when you get down hill," bawled Jack, "that you don't let the calf see her mother! There'll be the dickens to pay if you do!"

George was out of hearing by this time, and did not hear a word of this caution, and if he had it would have made no difference; he was in a fly away mood, and would have had, besides, no idea but what he could drive "Dexter" as well as Gen. Grant. So they went dashing down the hill, just clearing the little bridge over the brook, when Bossie suddenly made a new demonstration.

Now it happened that old Mooly, the calf's mother, was grazing peacefully in the field through which ran the brook, her unnatural thoughts as far as possible from her offspring. But Bossie spied her and instantly determined to make her a visit. Galloping up to the bars, through which he used to pass with her every night and morning, Bossie began to blate in a most sonorous

manner. Old Mooly lifted her head, and kicking up her heels, dashed to the bars, bellowing and mooing in a way that was really affectionate, but which seemed to the two children very terrible. Then such a kissing and fondling as the cow and calf commenced was a pleasure to see.

But the bars were between them still; a fact which Bossie at length indignantly acknowledged by butting against the lower bar, which gave way, and in an instant he was through into the field, upsetting the wagon, breaking the harness, and leaving George and Susie in a little heap on a pile of hay which had been left there by the hay makers.

Laughing and screaming they jumped up and shook themselves, a little surprised at the conclusion of their ride, but not at all hurt. Susie's frock was slightly torn but so interested were both of them in the opperations of Bossie that they quite forgot to be sorry. Bossie was enjoying the heartiest breakfast he had had for weeks. Old Mooly giving down her milk with supreme satisfaction, coodling and lapping the young rogue as if he was engaged in the properest thing in the world.

"Just what I expected," said Jack,—who at this moment came in sight. Thinking it best to look after matters a little—"Just as I thought. It'll take a week, sartin, to wean that are critter again. You ain't hurt though, are you? You haint got no scratches nor nothing agin the rail have you?"

Jack after assuring himself that the children were sound in life and limb, betook himself to the examination of the wagon which had not fared so well. The thills were broken and so was the harness.

"Well, I bet I'll have to mend this ere thing on the Fourth, instead of going to the show," was his sombre conclusion. "Children I tell you what, next time I set you off riding I guess I'd better harness up old Rover. It don't pay to drive calves."

The children rather agreed with this opinion, and when they told their father and mother of their morning,s adventure, they were decidedly of the same mind. *C. M. S.*

THE teacher is like a switchman, who holds the key of the switches on the railroad. If he does his duty faithfully, the train runs on in safety. If he neglects duty, disaster and ruin follows.

The Mischief Maker.

"THIS is dull enough work," said a dear little breeze,
With the fragrance of June in her breath;
"Of living on rose leaves and taking my ease,
I'm just about tired to death!
Dear me!
I'm just about tired to death?"

"I can't raise the wind in this poky old place,
Said the breeze, with a dolorous sigh;
"So my quarters I'll change, if it bring me disgrace,
I must have a blow out or die
Dear me!"
Said the breeze, with a dolorous sigh.

The zephyr, quite out of her latitude falls,
And in search of adventure goes forth;
Receiving some hints as to tempests and squalls
From her friends at the east and the north,
Who say:
"You'd better keep northeast-by-north."

She found a small spark with the tiniest glow,
And declared it would be a great shame
To let it die out just for want of a blow;
So she fanned it up into a flame;
Ah, me!
Such a beautiful, terrible flame!

It leaped and it crackled, and still the breeze blew,
And thought it was capital fun
To see the black smoke, as it gathered and grew,
And put out the light of the sun.
"Just see,"
She exclaimed, "what a deed I have done!"

But she wearied at last of her frolicsome rout,
And the joy of her turbulent reign,—
"How I wish that this wretched old fire was out,
And I in my quarter again!
Oh, yes,
In my nice, cosy quarters again."

But the flame she had kindled with vigorous breath
To her bidding refused to give heed,
But went hurrying on in its wild dance of death,
And mockingly laughed a her deed!
"Aha!"
How it mocked at her ignorant deed.

"Dear me," said the zephyr, "now where shall I go
To hide my disgrace and my shame?
Ah! little I thought that such ruin would grow
From the spark that I fanned to a flame!
Dear me!
And nobody else is to blame!

"This caution I give to all breezes that blow,
And to people who gossip about,
Be careful of sparks, lest you kindle a glow
That you'll find very hard to put out!
Just see
What came of my little "blow out!"

BE just and honest in thy dealings—honesty is the best policy. Be also generous and charitable on proper occasions, for he that gives to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

"A Year of Worship" For Sunday Schools and Homes.

Parent, teachers andpupils will be glad to see this new book, by G. L. Demarest, written and issued by the Universalist Publishing House. It is a work of admirable design and execution, and will lend a guiding hand in many a doubtful strait, for nothing seems to be wanting to make it what has been so long needed in our Sabbath Schools. We hope our schools will as soon as possible test its merits. Specimen copies sent post paid for 45 cents. 4.50 per dozen.

Our Sunday Schools.

—Though in all directions we hear of churches closed and pastors away enjoying the refreshment of rest, and vacation by the sea-side, and among the mountains, the good word still comes from our Sabbath Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—From Newburyport we have the following addressed to the *Banner*: "I know you will be interested to learn how our society observed Children's Sunday? Every seat in the church was occupied and the aisles were full of people that could not be accommodated with seats, and many went away not able to gain admittance. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers; we had a large memorial cross, on which were wreaths and bouquets, contributed by friends of former teachers and scholors who are now worshippers in the Spirit-land. Directly in front of the altar, was the Baptismal font embedded in moss and surrounded with white roses. The exercises consisted of recitations and singing by the children. The drama of Faith, Hope and Charity which was published in the May number of the *Helper* was finely rendered, by twelve young ladies. For this piece, the altar was decorated with a Cross, Crown, Heart and Anchor. But the crowning feature of all was the baptism of forty-five children from the age of nine months up to seventeen. It was a beautiful sight. Each one was presented with a rose-bud by Bro. Drew, the pastor as they received baptism. The day was one to be remembered by all present.

NEW YORK.

—Last week we recorded the death of James Cushing, and now another devoted and tried friend of the church and Sabbath School in New York City, has departed, Mrs. Marriner. For more than thirty years a member of Orchard Street Church, she was a leading spirit, always ready with a word and deed, whenever help was wanted. Few could have died who will be more missed, or more lamented. It is a remarkable coincidence that within the last eight weeks, four prominent members and friends of the Old Orchard Street church have left the earth. May the earth lie light upon them, and their spirits dwell in peace above!

—We hear that very interesting services were held in the church in Auburn on Sunday July 27th. The church was very prettily decorated with flowers and evergreen, especially about the pulpit. In the morning was held a special service for the children. The sermon was addressed particularly to them. It was founded upon the words 'Our Saviour" and, after explaining why it was that the angel's rejoiced so at the birth of Jesus, showed how children of to-day might please the Saviour and get his blessing. In the afternoon was held the Communion Service, which had been postponed from the first Sunday in consequence of Br. Snow's illness at that time. Previous to the administration of the Supper, three persons were baptised at the altar and received into the church. In the evening there was a Sunday School concert. The singing and recitations all passed off very happily, but perhaps the most marked exercise of the evening was the Decoration of the Altar which was participated in by twenty young ladies. Altogether it was a very happy day for the Auburn church.

MICHIGAN.

—Says an exchange:—"The Universalist Sabbath School in Corunna, is equal to, if not the best in the State. Recently the Superintendant, O. Williams, was surprised with an elegant set of silver ware, a mark of honor for his faithful and intelligent sermons."

—The Sabbath School in Muskegon, had a boat-ride and picnic the 27th inst. The Sabbath school have a very fine Social Society which meets every week, and is a great auxiliary to both society and parish.

KANSAS.

—And the spirit of the ege is moving West, also. Children's Sunday was observed by the Universalist S. S. in Seneca, the exercises being of a very beautiful and interesting nature. The room was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and filled to overflowing with an appreciative audience, who united in saying that it was the best thing of the kind they ever witnessed. May other States and territories of that vast region, soon fall into the ranks.

Barnum and the Children.

Was ever anything prettier than the following, which will delight the children!

Mr. P. T. Barnum, the show prince, performed an act that probably no other man in the world would have thought of, much less actually done. A bright, interesting boy, seven years old in the family of one of Mr. Barnum's Cleveland friends is just recovering from a long and severe illness. He is a favorite with the showman, and it was a sore affliction to the little fellow that he could not see the menagerie.

Mr. Barnum called at the house one morning and expressed much regret to find "Little Trot" an invalid. Observing the tears in the eyes of the sufferer, and divining the cause, he quietly remarked "Never mind, if you cannot go to the show we must bring the show to you!" and soon after left the house. Sure enough, in a short time a caravan consisting of the four elephants and all the camels and dromedaries drew up in front of the house, the animals being accompanied by their attendants and keepers. The trained elephants and camels went through numerous tricks and performances' "Little Trot" viewing the scene from the open window, almost wild with delight, while a large crowd gathered in the street to "take in" the free exhibition. After performing for half an hour the animals were conducted back to the show lot.—*Cleveland Herald.*

When Daniel Webster was a little boy he used to read the Bible a great deal. His father kept Tavern, and the teamsters who "put up" with him used to go into the family sitting room to hear him read it. It is said he could repeat whole Books. He never gave up reading it After he became a great lawyer he used to say—"The Bible is the best book for lawyers, as well as all others." Dear children read the Bible; learn a verse every day.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXIV.—SAUL.

Question. — Where was Saul born?

Answer. — Acts xxii. 3.

Q. — To which of the twelve tribes of Israel did he belong?

A. — Phil. iii. 5.

Q. — Who was the first King of Israel?

A. — 1 Sam. ix. 17.

Q. — To what tribe did he belong?

A. — 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

Q. — For whom then, may we conclude that Saul of Tarsus was named?

Q. — To what sect of the Jews did the father of Saul belong?

A. — Acts xxiii. 6.

NOTE. The Pharisees tought that the religious law was more binding than the moral law.

Q. — Who was his teacher?

A. — Acts xxii. 3.

Q. — Of which of the sects of the Jews was Gamaliel the lader?

A. — Acts v. 34.

Q. — To which sect did Saul belong?

A. — Acts xxiii. 6.

Q. — There were two parties of the Pharisees —one more strict or narrow than the other. To which of these did Saul belong?

A. — Acts xxvi. 5.

Q. — What does he say of the purity of his Hebrew blood?

A. — Phil. iii. 5. Rom. xi. 1.

Q. — What does he say of his observance of the Mosaic law?

A. — Phil. iii. 6.

Tarsus was a Greek city, noted for its schools which it is said, were equal to those of Alexandria and superior, in Saul's time, to the schools of Athens, which were losing their pre-eminence.

It was the custom that children should go to Jerusalem to the Passover as early as the age of thirteen. Our Saviour went to the Passover at twelve. Year after year the child and then the boy, had seen his parents and elders depart for Palestine to observe the Passover on their native land; and told that at the age of ten or twelve, he should be permitted to go with them, with what longing must he have looked forward to the time when he should join the company, and take that long wonderful journey of four hundred miles over sea and land, and then join in the services and festivities of which he had heard so much on each returning Passover time. And those who can recall the season of youth when they first went to a city, can form some idea of the emotions of Saul when as a boy, he entered within the wall of Jerusalem, the city of which he had heard and read and sung so much.

Hidden Seed

Enigma. No. 1.

My first was a fisherman.
My second was eaten by a worm.
My third was a sorcerer.
My fourth was one of Christ's disciples.
My fifth was left handed.
My whole was a servant of a certain church.

Enigma No. 2.

Before Creation's birthday I was made.
Of me the bravest hero is afraid;
Sounder am I than soundest common sense,
And I am stronger than Omnipotence.
The blindest man on earth beholdeth me;
For me the Scripture bids man careful be;
The superficial scholar knows me well,
But what I am the deepest scarce can tell.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.